Growing Grace

Disclaimer: You should know it by now: if you’re too young or don’t like the BE, mini-GTS or AE fetish scene, close out of this now.

Hey, do you guys want to see something specific? Something no one’s written yet but you’ve been aching for? Go ahead and leave a message in your reviews for my stories, and I’ll see what I can do. Anyway, Enjoy the read!

A note: This story uses a unique dream sequence feature: whenever you see a hyperlink, it is linking to a dream sequence within the document. These fit right in with the story and add to it a bit. Anyway, enjoy.

I walked into the school lobby and took a moment to look around. The usual cliques had already formed all through the foyer: the cheerleaders and pretty girls crowded in a corner, gossiping about god-knows-what; the jocks laughed out loud at their own jokes and shoved each other around; various other groups shuffled their feet and spoke in muttered tones, or spoke a bit too loudly, even boisterously. I finally spotted my circle of friends and made my way over to them.

I was part of what you might call the nerd group. We talked about video games, anime, books, TV shows… just about anything that could be called ‘nerdy’. Of course, that isn’t all we talked about, but it was a large majority of it. Some of them were dating, some weren’t; male or female, all of us would be called nerds, and some of us took pride in it. As I approached, the circle opened to let me in, and smiling faces greeted me on all sides.

After several minutes of hellos and idle chat, I began to grow weary of the usual talk, and wandered off to find some of my other friends. I drifted in and out of several minor cliques like a ghost, eventually settling near a clique composed of nerdy girls. I spotted an old friend in the circle and lightly tapped her on the shoulder.

“Hey, Grace! How’ve you been?”

As she turned around, I took note of Grace’s body; not unimpressive, but certainly not one to pick out from a crowd, mostly because she was quite short. Her dress was plain; a long-sleeve T-shirt, dark blue jeans held up by a belt that barely fit, and flats, laced neatly with a bow. Her face was one of pure innocence; short blonde hair in a pixie cut framed a pale face, free of any freckles or blemishes. Pale pink lips were stuck outward, giving the impression that she was always pouting. A small nose separated her deep brown eyes, which seemed to radiate happiness. *She is rather cute; if only she was taller, maybe I’d ask her out…* I thought to myself.

“David, it’s been a while!” Grace leapt into me, and pulled me into a friendly embrace. Her head only came up to my collar bone. “I’ve been fine, I suppose. What’s up with you?”

“Oh, the usual. I wish my life was more interesting, sometimes.”

Grace giggled at that. Her eyes seemed to flash in the light. “Me too. Sometimes my life is so boring!” She stomped her foot in play frustration, then grinned and hugged me again. She pushed her head into the crook of my neck; she must’ve been standing on her toes.

“What was that hug for?” I asked, appreciating the extra affection.

“I’m just so excited now, and I don’t know why.” She looked ready to bounce off of the walls, literally. I chuckled.

“Why don’t we walk off some of that extra energy,” I said, looking at the clock. “We’ve got plenty of time before first class.” I started walking down the hall.

“Sure!” Grace trilled, skipping along. We walked down the hallway for several minutes before I realized that Grace was still bounding along beside me, seemingly full of infinite energy.

“Aren’t you getting tired?”

“Nope! Actually, I feel more excited than before!”

“Do you have any idea why?” That stopped Grace in her tracks. She cocked her head slightly in thought as I turned to look at her again.

Upon closer inspection, Grace had a rather impressive pair of breasts. They pushed quite tightly against her shirt. I estimated them to be C cups; not too large, but certainly not bad. They looked bigger on her short, petite body than they would have otherwise. Not spending too much time staring at her body, I looked back up to her face, only to find her lost deep in thought. Her dark brown eyes stared into nothing as subtle emotions flashed over her face. Suddenly, Grace’s gaze flicked in my direction. Her eyes seemed to flash with reflected light again.

“What?” Grace said, looking as if she knew something I didn’t.

“Did you figure out why you were so excited?”

“Hmm… Nope! Nothing I could think of.” Grace began bounding along again, perhaps a little faster than before. I had to walk fast to keep up. “So have you ever had a girlfriend, David?”

“No,” I sighed silently to myself. “One of the downsides to being a nerd, unfortunately.” I put on a shy smile.

“Aww, don’t worry! You’ll get one eventually! You’ve just got to find the right girl, that’s all.” Grace smiled, emanating a radiant happiness through her white teeth. I smiled back, a bit more confident. Before I had a chance to say anything else, though, the bell for first period rang. Grace gave a start, then began to jog off to her first class, still bounding with energy. “I’ll see you later, David!” Grace called back to me.

“Yeah, see you…” I trailed off, looking at the belt that was hanging off of Grace’s hips. The last hole seemed to have been ripped clean through, as if someone had stretched it too far. Both ends dangled and shook violently as Grace hopped down the hallway. I shook my head as if to throw the memory away, and made my way to first period.

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I walked out of my first period class, mentally drained from chemistry. I meandered through the crowds of people, looking for someone I knew to make the commute go by faster.. Suddenly, I felt a tap on my shoulder; I turned to see Grace standing in front of me. Sweat was glistening on her forehead.

“Hey Grace,” I said, surprised. I’d never seen her come this way before on the way to her second period. “How was your first class?”

“Oh, not bad, I guess. Gym’s always fun.” Grace smiled and arched her back, pushing her breasts out so they nearly touched my chest. I noticed that Grace was wearing a pair of suspenders hooked onto her jeans.

“What happened to the belt you were wearing this morning?” I asked, already knowing the answer. Grace gave me a quizzical look.

“What are you talking about? I outgrew my last belt a few months ago. I haven’t been looked for once since. Besides, you know I love wearing these suspenders!” Grace skipped alongside me as I frowned, confused. I knew I had seen her in the belt this morning. It had ripped, and she would’ve taken it off, but she had been wearing it. I contemplated what could’ve happened while the two of us walked quietly down the hall.

Grace nearly ran into a pillar while she was skipping, not paying attention. She avoided the pillar, but stumbled backwards and fell backward rather harshly. She just sat there for a second, seemingly dazed. When I reached out to help her up, her eyes once again flashed with light as she looked up at me. Grace grasped my hand, and I struggled a bit to pull her up; she weighed far more than I expected of a slim girl who only stood about 5’2”.

“Are you alright?” I asked, chuckling.

“Yep! I’m just fine!” Grace said, swinging her arm side to side and dragging my arm along with it. Grace smiled giddily.

“You’ve got to be more careful. We wouldn’t your beautiful face to get bruised up, would we?”

Grace gave me a playful, accusing look, then smiled again. “Aww, you really think I’m pretty?”

“Yeah, sure! You’ve got a pretty face, great hair-“

“Don’t forget a nice body,” Grace said, forming curves with her hands.

“Yeah.” I said, eyeing her up and down. If anything, she looked more appealing than this morning. “If only you were a bit taller.” I said, jokingly. “You’re about 5’2”, right?” Grace stared at me, confused.

“I haven’t been 5’2” for nearly six months, when I started a growth spurt; I’m almost 5’8” now!” Grace stretched up, tall and proud. She was right; The top of her head came up to my nose. I looked down to see if she was wearing heels; she wasn’t. In fact, she was wearing flats. I was astounded; I was certain that Grace had been around 5’2” when I’d seen her at the beginning of the day. “Where have you been the past few months?”

“I- I don’t know,” I said, trailing off as I tried to come up with an explanation for what had just happened.

“Oh, well! It’s not like we see each other that often, anyway. Maybe you just forgot.” Grace said, smiling. She seemed to calm down, her excess energy finally expended. She walked calmly beside me, and both of us chatted for several minutes, headed for our next classes. We reached my next class, and I paused for a moment as I stepped through the doorway.

“Grace?” I called. She was already skipping down the hallway, but turned at the sound of my voice. “Come here for a minute.” Grace swiftly backtracked to the doorway.

“What is it, David?”

“Here, stand up straight against the door frame.” Grace put her hands behind her back and stood, smiling. I retrieved a pencil from my backpack and marked her height. “There we go.”

“What was that for?” Grace gave me a strange look.

“I want to see how much you’ll grow today.”

Grace giggled. “I’m not going to grow any noticeable amount in one day, David! But if you want to do it, okay.” Grace leaned in close and whispered in my ear. “By the way, if you’re measuring other parts of me, too, I’m 32C-26-38.” Grace gave me a peck on the check as she pulled away, much to my amazement. She hadn’t been nearly this flirty this morning, either.

“Um, just meet me back here after second period, okay?” I stammered, trying to regain my composure.

“Okay! I’ll see you then!” Grace said, giggling as she walked briskly down the hall.

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As the bell between second period and lunch rang, I stepped out into the hall and leaned against a locker, watching for Grace. A minute or so passed before Grace came down the corridor, standing just a bit above the friends she was walking with. She told them goodbye when she spotted me, and made her way through the traffic. She smiled and looked at me accusingly.

“You realize how ridiculous this is, right?”

“Hey, who knows what’ll happen? What if you have some weird disease that makes you grow really fast?”

“And it only started making me grow today? Yeah, right. But if it’ll make you satisfied…” Grace sighed and stood up against the doorframe. I pulled the pencil out of my pocket and raised it to the top of her head. I began to draw the mark, when suddenly a flash of light blinded me. I cringed and shielded my eyes. Everything was silent for several seconds. When I opened my eyes once more, I was greeted to the sounds and sights of the hallway, with everyone going about their business.

“Did you see that?” I asked, frantically. Grace just stared at me.

“See what?”

“That blinding light! I couldn’t see anything!”

Grace reached up and mussed my hair. “I didn’t see anything like that. Maybe you’re just tired.”

“Yeah, maybe,” I said, not believing that no one but me had seen the light. *Something’s wrong here…* I thought to myself.

“Well? Are you going to measure me or not?”

“Oh, right…” I returned to the task at hand. Even before I marked her height, I could tell Grace had grown. My hand stretched up and drew a straight line across the top of her head. “Okay, you’ve definitely grown since we last measured you.”

Grace stepped away and turned to look at the wall. I closed my eyes in satisfaction and smiled, knowing I was right.

“You’re right, David! I’ve grown at least another inch since last week!”

“I told- wait, what?” I opened my eyes and looked at the doorframe. Instead of the two marks I expected to see, I saw several, each marked with dates. Somehow, the lowest mark (which I assumed to be the one I’d taken just an hour ago) was dated as nearly 4 months ago; she was five-foot-seven and three-quarters inches then. As the lines climbed up the doorframe, the dates became more frequent, and the lines became further spaced. *She’s growing taller even faster…* I thought to myself, astounded. Grace snatched the pencil from my hand and scribbled the date.

I followed the slender arm up to Grace’s shoulder, and stopped dead in my tracks as I beheld perhaps the two most perfect breasts I’d ever seen. Under her stretched T-shirt they protruded, large and conical, sloping down her chest. They certainly weren’t the C-cups Grace said she had an hour ago. [I pictured Grace’s angelic face smiling as she pushed the two mounds together.](#DreamSeq1) It was then that I noticed I wasn’t just imagining things.

“If you stare much harder, your eyes are going to pop out of your head,” Grace said, a wry smile on her face. My face flushed red. I glanced down at her breasts, still sitting around D-cups. She pushed her assets together even harder, creating cleavage just barely visible from behind her tight-necked T-shirt. “Don’t worry, sweetie; I don’t mind if you stare. But you might not want to be so obvious about it,” Grace said, her gaze flicking to the crowd of people snickering at me. I blushed even harder.

“Anyway… How big are you now?” I asked.

“I’m nearly as tall as you, now! 5’11” last time I checked. Then again, who knows how much I’ll grow tonight.” Grace nearly leapt into a hug, pushing her breasts into me. She rested her forehead on mine and closed her eyes, still smiling. *Damn, she is as tall as me…*  I thought to myself. She seemed really excited at the prospect, while I was less so. It would be fascinating to see how tall she would grow, but she was already so tall for a girl…

Grace and I began walking down the hall together; it was strange to see her face at my height after this morning. I began to contemplate the morning, and realized that the question still remained; what was happening?

“Grace, do you want to hear something weird?”

“Sure, I guess. Is it about the growth? Because I still don’t know what’s causing it.”

“Yeah, it’s kind of about the growth… When did you start going through your growth spurt?”

“It was about a year ago, I guess. Why?”

“Well… you’ll probably think I’m crazy, but I think it started this morning.”

Needless to say, Grace did think I was crazy. She gave me an incredulous, wide-eyed look, then started laughing hysterically, as if it was a joke. “WHAT? There’s no way I grew almost 10 inches in 3 hours! How could you think that?”

“I- I don’t know, but I do know that you were close to five-foot-two this morning! You have to believe me!” I was frustrated. “It’s as if history itself is being changed to make you this tall…”

Grace noticed my frustration and became more serious, looking concerned for me. “Are you sure you’re alright, hun? Maybe you’ll think more clearly after lunch.”

“Yeah, maybe. Want to sit together?” I had to admit, Grace was becoming nearly irresistible; tall, pretty face, curvy body, and flirty; she was incredible. I wanted to get to know her better.

“Sure!” Grace said, smiling. We parted ways as I got in the lunch line.

As I stared into nothingness, listening to the idle chat around me, I couldn’t help but think of what had occurred earlier. Not only did Grace grow nearly ten inches in less than a day, but everyone seemed to think that this was a gradual process. It certainly wasn’t from my perspective. My thoughts were interrupted as someone tapped me on the shoulder.

“Hey, man.” I turned to find one of my friends standing in line behind me.

“Hey.”

“What’s up?”

“Not much. What about you?”

“Same.”

Okay, this chat was pointless. “Do you know Grace?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“You know how she’s been stuck in a huge growth spurt, right? What do you think caused it?”

“Hmm… I don’t know, man. Actually, I do have this theory.”

Oh, boy. “What is it?”

“I think she’s using magic. Like, powerful magic.”

“What the hell are you talking about? Are you high on something?”

“Think about it! I mean, I can’t even think of a kid going through puberty that grows that fast. She’s already taller than 95% of the girls in the school. And not even the doctors know what’s happening. If you ask me, it’s got to be magic.”

I did think about it, for perhaps a second. Then I whacked my friend in the head, turned around and grabbed a tray. “You’re an idiot sometimes.” I said over my shoulder as I walked out of the lunch line.

Once in the lunch room, it took about as much effort to find Grace as it did to spot a tree in the middle of a rock garden. She stood a head taller than her friends, and she was beaming. She waved a hand high over her head, and I waved back. *That girl never seems to run out of energy, or optimism,* I said to myself as I approached the table. I set my tray down across from Grace.

“Hey, Grace.”

“Hi!”

I sat down and leaned against the table, only to find I had very little space to lean. I looked down to see a miniature field of food stretching across the table. Its origin was Grace’s lunchbox.

“You’re eating all of this yourself?” I asked, incredulous.

“Yep! I’m a growing girl,” Grace said as she crammed part of a sandwich in her mouth. “I need my nutrition.”

“I guess,” I said, starting to eat whatever the cafeteria happened to be serving. I couldn’t even tell what it was supposed to be. As I ate, I watched Grace cram each and every morsel of food down her throat. *She certainly has a healthy appetite,* I mused as she finished the pile of food well before I finished my meager meal.

“That was delicious! I wish I had more,” Grace said, staring into her empty lunchbox disappointedly.

She sighed and patted her stomach, which was pushing out against her shirt. Her eyes shined in the fluorescent light. *If only her tits grew like her belly did just then,* I fantasized, imagining what Grace would look like with even bigger breasts. That was when I noticed that Grace’s shirt didn’t seem to cover as much as before.

I tried not to stare as I had in the hallway, but Grace’s breasts were definitely growing. They already looked to be pushing into the DD-cup range, and swelled slowly outwards. I glanced at them every few seconds as they pushed the hemline of the shirt up over her stomach and pushed the neckline down, creating a V-neck that perfectly displayed her now copious cleavage. The rest of the time was spent making awkward eye contact with Grace while she chatted with her friends, all unaware of her situation. I glanced down at her cleavage while she was looking at me, trying to give her a hint of what was happening. She simply gave me a flirty look and winked, not understanding my intentions. With Grace and her friends completely absorbed in conversation, I took the liberty to openly stare at her chest for several seconds.

Grace’s shirt had slowly crept up until the hem was barely covering her navel. Her boobs were resting on the table as she slouched over it, the neck of her shirt stretched dramatically. Her shirt looked like an overstuffed bra at this point, breast flesh literally oozing out of the top of the shirt. The sight of her ample cleavage jutting towards my face was amazing. Her nipples, rock-hard, were poking at the shirt from the inside, bumps about as big as a dime. I could feel myself getting a boner just looking at her huge breasts through the shirt.

Suddenly I heard a rumble. I looked up to see Grace’s startled face staring down at her tits. *Uh-oh,* I thought, wondering how she’d react. She stared into the new cleavage as if it had always been there.

“I guess I’m still hungry…” She said, rubbing her flat stomach. *What happened?* I asked myself as Grace stared at my tray, still relatively full of food. She looked at me with her pleading brown eyes and pouting lips.

“Just be glad all of that is going to make you grow.” I said, offering her an orange. She greedily snatched it from my hand and devoured it in a minute or so. I eagerly watched her. With each bite her breasts wobbled, and the stitches on the side of the shirt creaked. Grace finished off the orange before the shirt burst open; I tried to hide the disappointment on my face. Suddenly, a thought crossed my mind.

“Are you trying to grow bigger?”

“Why would you think that?”

“Well, you’re eating an awful lot for one person, and all those calories have to go somewhere. In your case, I’d imagine they’re helping you grow.”

Grace grinned. “Okay, you caught me. I want to grow more. A lot more, actually. It wasn’t always that way, though; when I started growing past 5’8”, I was kind of worried. I didn’t want to be a freak! Eventually, though, I realized I liked being tall; I feel more powerful, more graceful, more… sexy,” Grace shook her chest a bit, making her breasts wobble back and forth with delayed motion. “I want to feel even sexier, so I figured I’d take advantage of the situation. I’m eating as much as I can every day so my metabolism can use all the energy to keep me growing.”

“Well, you can’t argue with results,” I said, smiling. Grace giggled a bit. “So how big do you want to be?”

“Oh, I don’t know. This growth spurt can’t last forever, though; I guess I’ll be happy when it stops. After all, how many girls can say that they look this good?” Grace pouted her lips out more than usual, then smirked. I couldn’t help but smile back, enchanted by her demeanor on the situation, and her personality as a whole. Of course, her body definitely helped, too: big breasts and wide hips, a beautiful face, and tall to boot. This girl was incredible.

“So, Grace… I’ve been meaning to ask… are you single?”

Grace seemed to be taken aback slightly by the question. “Yeah, actually. I’ve been wondering why no one has asked me out yet; I mean, I’d think guys would find me really attractive. Do you think I’m attractive?”

“Definitely! You’re absolutely beautiful.”

“Aww, thanks! You’re so sweet!” Grace leaned over the table and drew me into a hug, her huge breasts squashing between us. “Why do you think guys aren’t asking me out, though?”

“Maybe they’re a bit intimidated. I mean, it’s not every day guys meet a girl that’s as tall as or taller than them.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.” Grace said. The bell rang and we both stood up. Grace walked around the table and stood next to me. “Are you intimidated by me, David?” *If you were any taller, I would be,* I thought to myself.

Before I could answer, I saw a light flash in Grace’s eyes. *Not again,* I thought, as I saw her grow before my very eyes. Her form shifted slightly; her legs grew longer, became curvier; her hips widened as her ass pushed against her blue jeans, already groaning; her torso lengthened and her shirt was pulled up even further, giving some lucky short guy an upblouse view of her delicious cleavage. Grace’s breasts shifted from a conical shape to a perky, spherical one; I was wondering why when she started to inch taller.

Her body now in unbelievable proportions, Grace began to grow upwards, growing well past my height of 6 feet. Up and up she went, a blank expression on her face, as her gaze shifted from looking slightly up to looking down on me, as if she’d done it for years. If anything, she looked even more proud of her body, and more powerful. Everyone was rushing past to get to their next class, but you’d have to be blind not to see a girl growing inches taller in mere seconds. Nobody else noted the change but me, which scared me even more than her growth. I stood in shock, stammering for words, as a grin began to spread across Grace’s face.

“You are intimidated by me! Well, I suppose it’s only normal; I am about 6-foot-two. Not to mention the curviest girl in the school.” Grace said, winking at me. I was still stunned. Her grin turned to a look of concern. “David? Are you alright?”

I shook my head violently, and regained some semblance of thought. “Y-Yeah, I’m fine. I just space out for a minute, there,” I trailed off as I searched for words. “So, Grace, I was wondering, since you’re single, if maybe we could… …you know…”

“…Know what?” Grace looked at me intently, trying to discern a purpose in my eyes. I knew she knew what I was talking about, though, by the slight smile on her lips.

“…Go out sometime? Like, on a date?” I was a nervous wreck; hands twitching, palms sweating.

Grace smiled, content. “Of course I’ll go out with you! We’ve been hanging out together for months; I’ve been waiting to see if you’d work up the guts to say it.” Grace leaned down and kissed me on the cheek.

“Awesome. So, what night’s good for you?”

“Just call me whenever. I’m open almost anytime.” Grace walked away right then, without another word. I watched her ass sway back and forth in the tight confines of her blue jeans. *I hate to see you go, but I love to watch you leave,* I thought to myself, chuckling.

The rest of the day was a blur; I was busy thinking about Grace’s body while completing mind-numbing papers. I didn’t see her for the rest of the day, but I wasn’t sure whether that was bad or good. It seemed like Grace only grew when I was around, for whatever reason.

That evening, as soon as I got home, I started thinking about the day’s events. I thought about what my friend said, what Grace said. I thought about how it could’ve happened. Then my thoughts turned to Grace’s body, and more carnal urges. I locked my door and unzipped my pants, then laid down on my bed. I imagined what Grace would look like in a bikini, curves oozing out of the fabric. I imagined her in sexy lingerie, in tube tops, in boy shorts. Then I imagined her wearing nothing at all; her pure, innocent-looking face submerged in the depths of pleasure as I explored every inch of her body. I found myself wondering how big Grace had gotten, and if she was going to get any bigger.

I got a text from Grace right then. It said:

Btw, if ur going to buy me a present, get me some clothes. I need them badly. My measurements are 34EE-27-40.

I came just after reading it.

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The next day was Saturday, so I sat around the house, doing what I normally do: watch Saturday morning cartoons, play video games, clean my room, etc. After lunch, however, I contented myself with lounging on the couch, doing nothing in particular. My thoughts drifted to Grace and her ever-growing body. Not two seconds after I thought of her, I got a text message. I checked my phone.

Grace: Hey David!

Me: Hey! What’s up?

Same stuff. U?

Absolutely nothing. I was thinking about you last night.

Oh rly? What were you thinking about me?

Here I took a second’s pause. While the new Grace was flirty, I wasn’t sure how well she’d take the fact that I jerked off to her last night. Before I got a chance to respond, though, I got another message. I looked down at my phone.

The picture was taken in a room painted pink, a white bed sitting in the corner. A wooden vanity was directly in front of the camera, and it reflected Grace’s body in a semi-silhouette. While darkness covered the specifics, I could make out that she wore white fleece pants that only came down to mid-calf. Her nose and pouting, smirking lips were the only features visible on her face, while her blonde pixie-cut hair was perfectly clear. Her torso, however, took me more than a few seconds to make out. One of her arms was crossing her chest, while the other held the camera out in front of her. After several moments, I realized that Grace wasn’t wearing a shirt, or a bra. My pulse quickened as my eyes snapped down to read the text that had come with it.

Or were you thinking about two things?

It was then that I realized how much Grace had changed since first I saw her yesterday. The sweet, innocent young girl I knew was gone, replaced by an irresistibly sexy, busty flirt who only seemed to be getting even more so. I felt my dick begin to stiffen, but I was too stunned to even think about moving. My eyes flicked back up to the picture. If you looked closely, you could make out the outlines of Grace’s mammaries, her arm squishing them tight to her body. They looked to be as big as her head. I stared at them for several minutes as the texts kept flowing in.

Big aren’t they?

Are U still there?

Still stunned, I managed to regain control of my brain.

Yeah. Sry had to do something.

Do U like them?

Yeah. They’re pretty big.

And getting bigger. I grew another 8th of an inch taller last night, and the bra I bought last week is starting to feel tight. I figured Id keep it from getting stretched out by not wearing it around the house. ;)

Doesn’t your back hurt?

Started doing strength exercises. Theyre helping a lot.

Cool. U doing anything tonight?

Nope. U?

Not anymore. Where U wanna go?

Haha Don’t want to miss out huh? Dinner sounds good.

I had to think about that. The memory of Grace’s lunch yesterday made me think twice about taking her out to eat. Suddenly I recalled a place that had an all-you-can-eat buffet on Saturdays.

Mind if we go to a buffet?

As long as there’s food. 6:00 good?

Yep. C U then.

Another picture: Grace was wearing a white bra in this one. She was pointing at her breasts with her hand and making a goofy face.

I’ll bring the girls, too.

Although it was only 3, I ran into my room to get ready.

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I pulled up to Grace’s house in a beat-up old car; the blue paint was fading and the interior was starting to degrade, but it got me where I needed to go. As I tried to tidy up the mess of assorted objects that cluttered the dash and seats, I wondered if Grace would get even bigger during our date. While my rational side said that I should be seriously worried for her health, something deep in my brain secretly wanted her to be bigger. I couldn’t say how much bigger, but just… more. As I continued moving piles of scattered junk around the car, deep in thought, I faintly heard a door slam.

I looked up, and was greeted to a beautiful sight: Grace was stepping out of her house, her body mind-bogglingly curvy. As she turned to lock the door, I spared a glance at her ass; perfectly proportioned, perfectly round, with a perfect amount of jiggle as it moved, encased in a pair of red pants that only covered her legs to mid-calf. *I hope that stays the same if she changes,* I thought. Her smooth, pale legs extended into her somewhat dainty feet held within a pair of black heels, making her seem even taller than she was. As my gaze shifted upward, I caught a glance at some skin peeking out between her pants and white tank top.

She finished locking the door and turned around, and I put on a smile to greet her as I finished my inspection of her body. *Had she always had a belly button piercing?* I wondered to myself as she began to walk down the drive. My eyes were naturally drawn to the cacophony of motion set in forth by her stride; in motion, her breasts seemed even bigger than they had in the picture she’d sent me just earlier today. The two globes of flesh looked to be more than a handful as they jiggled around in the tube top. As she approached the car, I looked up at her face. She was wearing very little makeup - a bit of shadow, some eye liner - but she looked beautiful all the same. Her pink lips parted just enough to get a clear view of her perfect white teeth as she cocked her head to the side slightly. Her deep brown eyes swam with happiness as she opened the car door.

“Hey.” I said, smiling sincerely.

“Hey!” She said, stepping into the car. I noticed that she was noticably taller than me, even sitting down.

“Don’t you want me to meet your parents?” I asked her, wanting everything to go right on our first date. The first step to that was making sure her parents approved of me dating her. Grace gave me a confused look.

“You met them like a month ago when you came over for the barbecue, remember? How could you forget when I spilled water all down the front of my shirt?”

“Right,” I said, playing along. I tried to picture Grace’s soaked shirt plastered to her huge breasts. The picture came surprisingly easily. “Sorry, I’ve been feeling out of it all week.”

Grace giggled, fixing her hair. “No problem. I’m sure after tonight you’ll be feeling just fine,” She leaned over to me, pushing into me slightly. Her breasts sloshed in their confines, pressing into me. I could feel their warmth.

*I hope so,* I thought. “I’m sure of it,” I said, pulling out onto the road. We sat in silence for a few minutes, Grace still leaning into me, contented with putting her head on my shoulder. I put an arm over her shoulder and she squirmed slightly, adjusting herself. All the while, I was all too aware of the large breasts sloshing into my arm with every bump on the road.

“So where are we going?” Grace finally asked.

“Just a little buffet on the other side of town. The food’s pretty good, and it’s all you can eat,” I said. She punched me in the side playfully.

“Now you know I’m going to eat like a pig, right? I’m trying to make myself bigger, remember?”

“I remember. Who said I wasn’t supporting you?”

Grace sat upright in the seat, letting my arm slide from her shoulder. “You really mean that?”

“Yeah! I mean, you were right; it seems the bigger you get, the sexier you get. Why wouldn’t I want you to get sexier, if that’s what you want?”

“Aww, thanks!” Grace leaned over and hugged me, then leaned against me again. “I’m sure you have your own reasons for wanting me bigger, though; I mean, who wouldn’t want their girlfriend to be as sexy as possible?” She tapped my shoulder, and I glanced at her.

She was looking up at me with her round, dark brown eyes and pouty lips, innocent as could be. At the same time, she was pushing her breasts together with her arms, creating an enormous amount of cleavage in her top, which was beginning to look smaller and smaller. I looked away without saying a word after only a second, but that one glance was all I needed to start getting a boner. I hoped Grace didn’t notice.

“Do you think I’m pretty, David?”

“Yeah, why?”

“You didn’t look too interested right then.”

*This girl’s going to get both of us in a crash. I can’t even focus on driving right now! She’s flirting so much, and I want to say something but…* I steeled myself, trying to sound irritated.“I’m trying to focus on driving.”

“Can’t you multitask?”

“Grace, you’re so beautiful that I can’t even think about you without it being distracted driving,” I said, pulling her closer to me.

“You’re so sweet!” She nuzzled my neck. “What do you like about me the most, David?”

I gave up on the stonewall act; this girl was going to get an answer either way. “Everything, I guess. Your hair, your personality, your face, your deep brown eyes, your-“

“My boobs?”

*The girl I talked to for the first time in months yesterday is going out on a date with me, talking to me about her tits.* I almost burst out laughing.

[Suddenly, I started to daydream.](#DreamSeq2)

“Y- yeah, I guess,” I said, pulling into a parking spot. “Well, here we are.”

“Awesome! I’m sooo hungry!” Grace nearly leapt out of the car. I lagged behind her for a moment, enjoying the view. When I came up beside her, I realized just how tall she was in her heels. I barely came up to her nose.

“How tall are your high heels?”

“About 3 inches.”

“Don’t you feel like you stick out in a crowd with them on?”

“Hun, I’d stick out in a crowd if I was barefoot and wearing rags. Why not show off a bit?”

Her head brushed the top of the doorframe as she stepped through the double doors and into the buffet. It was surprisingly deserted for a Saturday evening; a few groups lingered in the booths overlooking the busy street, but other than that the restaurant was empty. Grace picked a table near the buffet table and sauntered over to it.

Almost as soon as we sat down, I noticed that we were attracting attention to ourselves. Or rather, Grace was. The eye of every patron and employee in the place seemed to be on her as she sat down. Her face was one of pride and content. I couldn’t help but feel the same way. *I’m going out on a date with this beautiful woman.* I tried to make myself believe. Before we had even started a conversation, a waitress was there.

“Can I get you two anything to drink?” She said politely. I couldn’t help but notice the look in her eyes as she spoke to Grace. I couldn’t quite place what it was, though.

“I’ll have a Coca-Cola,”

“Same.” Grace said, smiling at me. I smiled back. *How does she stay so cheerful?* I wondered to myself as the waitress meandered back into the kitchens, sparing a backward glance at Grace more than once.

“I think she likes you.”

“You think so? She only stared at me for a good 5 seconds.” Grace’s smile broke into a small laugh. “What about you? How much do you like me?”

“What do you mean? I asked you out, and was nervous about it. I like you a whole lot, Grace.” The waitress returned with our drinks. I thanked her and waited until she moved away before continuing. “Do you like me, though?”

“Of course! Why else would I tease you so much when you stare at me? I’ve wanted you to ask me out for a while.” Grace took a sip of her soda.

“Well, I’m sorry I took so long. Why don’t we get some food now?” Before I finished the sentence, Grace was halfway to the buffet table. I shook my head and joined her.

The table was packed full of delicious morsels of food, from chicken in sweet and sour sauce to green beans and mashed potatoes. I grabbed a plate and followed Grace through the line, watching her take a heaping helping of everything and pile it high on her plate. I ate a bit lighter, covering the surface of the plate and nothing more. I felt the eyes of everyone in the restaurant on Grace as she sauntered back to the table, food piled as high as possible on her plate. As we sat down, I took a moment to admire the mountain of cooking.

She seemed to be using mashed potatoes to hold the majority of it together; within the white mush was a variety of foods: green peas, chicken, beef, carrots, etc. Off to one side was another hill of mashed potatoes, overflowing with gravy. While yesterday’s lunch had somewhat prepared me for Grace’s new appetite, I was still astonished at the sheer mass of food now on her plate.

“Are you sure you can eat all of that?”

“David, I’m a big girl. A growing girl. I need a big meal to keep me going.”

“Alright,” I said, still aware of the eyes focused on us. Within minutes the pile of food laid in front of Grace began to vanish as grunts of approval and “mmm”s escaped from Grace’s mouth. As for myself, I found it hard to eat anything, too focused on Grace’s inhalation of her meal. I slowly ate, taking sips of my soda. Grace finished her giant pile of food before I’d even finished half of my meal.

“That was the best thing I’ve tasted all month! I’m gonna go back for seconds,” Grace said, standing up. Her stomach gurgled, and Grace laid a hand over it, sitting back down. “On second thought, maybe not.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “Bit off more than you could chew, huh?”

“I could chew it, but my stomach feels so stretched right now.”

“It was probably the mashed potatoes. They might expand in liquid,” I gestured at Grace’s empty soda cup. She blushed a bit and smiled.

“What can I say? I love food,” She eyed my plate hungrily.

“I’d never have guessed, with a body like yours. You look like you work out a few times a week.”

“Really? I always feel like a pig. I just eat what I want and my body puts it where it needs to go.”

“That’s the growth spurt, I guess. Your diet must be helping you out.”

“Well, right now I feel pretty bloated,” Grace said, pulling the hem of her top up and patting her stomach. She looked like she could’ve been 6 months pregnant.

“Damn, you did eat a lot. Are you sure you’ll be alright?”

“Yeah, I’ll be-“ Grace let out a huge belch. It reverberated through the restaurant. She blushed.

“Awesome,” I said in a whispered voice. We both burst out laughing. I started to eat a bit faster, feeling more at ease. All the while, Grace kept staring lustily at my plate. *I wish she had room for more; it was kinda sexy..* Before I could say anything, though, a light flashed in Grace’s eyes. I braced myself for another growth spurt.

After several minutes of staring intently, still nothing had happened. I stared at her, confused. Finally, Grace said what was on her mind. “Do you think I could have a few more bites?”

“I don’t know, can you?” I said, gesturing at my plate. “Help yourself.” Grace dug in, shoveling food into her mouth almost as quickly as she had when she was hungry. “You’re supposed to taste the food, too,” I said, smiling. The only reply I got was a grunt.

Grace just kept on eating, finishing off my plate within a minute. She let her fork fall onto the table and leaned back in her chair, patting her stomach again. She looked noticeably bigger than before, and her stomach rumbled again. This time, however, her stomach sounded like it was still hungry.

“I think I might go get some dessert. Do you want any?” She stood up and began to walk over to the desert table, still looking elegant even while holding her stomach. I followed shortly after, realizing I was still a bit hungry myself, seeing as how Grace ate the majority of my meal.

“How are you still hungry? You probably just ate the equivalent of 3 meals.” I asked Grace as she picked out a quarter of a chocolate cake and vanilla ice cream. She dribbled M&M chunks and chocolate syrup over the ice cream.

“I just am. I told you, I love food.” Grace gave me a peck on the cheek as I scooped myself some mint chocolate chip and led the way back to our seats, holding her by the shoulder. She was still clutching her poor overstuffed tummy with one hand. She didn’t seem to notice just how stuffed she was; the line of flesh exposed between her pants and tank top was now pushing outward aggressively against her pants, her smooth skin stretching to accommodate for the huge amount of food. As we sat, her taut stomach wobbled with food. I openly stared at it as Grace frowned.

“I don’t know why, but I’m just so hungry tonight! I’m eating like a pig, aren’t I?” Grace lamented. I reached over the table to comfort her.

“It’s alright, Grace. This is an all-you-can-eat buffet, after all.”

“Okay, I guess,” Grace said, digging into her dessert for comfort. I smiled at her, then began to eat my ice cream. We ate in silence for several minutes before I started to feel awkward. I tried to get her mind off of feeling so bad.

“So, have you done anything cool lately?”

Grace glanced up from her food, which was already almost gone. “Well, I actually got a little side job earlier in the month.”

“Doing what?”

This seemed to perk her up a bit. “Modeling, actually. A guy walked up to me in the mall and asked me to stop by for a photo shoot, said I was really pretty. I showed up, did a few pictures in some beautiful dresses, and got paid pretty well for it.” Grace winked at me. “I’d bet you didn’t know you were dating a model, did you?”

“Grace, if I had just met you, I couldn’t see you being anything but a model. You’re absolutely beautiful.” Grace smiled, showing off her perfect, white teeth. “And I mean that.”

“Really? Even with this belly? Oh, I guess so, thanks.” Grace leaned over the table to kiss me on the cheek, but I turned my head at the last minute and she kissed me on the mouth. She drew back in shock for just a moment, and I was worried she was going to slap me. Instead, she smiled and gave me a play-blaming glance. “Finally got up the nerve, huh? Well, you earned another one, I guess…”

Grace leaned back over the table, pushing her bloated stomach into it. She kissed me on the lips, and slid her tongue into my mouth. Instinctively, I did the same, and for a few seconds we explored each other’s mouths. Her lips tasted of the vanilla ice cream she was eating, sweet and cool and wet. Then she drew away, leaving me wanting more. She settled herself back into her chair and smiled, content.

“You tasted so sweet,” She said, returning to her dessert. I did the same, still tasting her lips. We finished eating in silence, leaving me to contemplate the moment. She finished eating with a sigh of pleasure, then leaned back in her chair and patted her overstuffed tummy, closing her eyes. *If only she always tasted like that,* I thought. Then she opened her eyes. Her eyes flashed with light as she looked up at me. *No, not again!*

I sat, my ice cream forgotten, watching her form for any changes. For several minutes I looked her up and down, from her growing gut to her deep brown eyes. Nothing seemed to be happening. *Maybe I’m just going crazy,* I thought to myself, remembering yesterday’s sudden growths.

“What are you looking at me like that for?”

“Hmm? Oh, no reason.”

“There has to be a reason. Nobody stares that hard without thinking about something.”

“Maybe I’ll tell you later.”

“Okay,” Grace said, stretching as she stood up.

“Are you full, then?”

“Yep!” Grace slapped her stomach, causing it to jiggle. It was still jiggling as the same waitress from earlier delivered the check. She glanced at Grace only once, then turned away, a look of disgust on her face. I paid the bill and walked out, feeling happy that I came here and not to an expensive restaurant.

“I think your tummy turned her off this time.”

Grace laughed. “What can I say? When you gotta eat, you gotta eat,” She said as she stepped into the car. “You don’t think I’m a pig, do you?”

“What? No! You just love food,” I poked her stomach. She giggled.

“Exactly! Besides, we both know that most of it’s going toward making me taller.”

“Most of it? What happens to the other part?”

“Well, my belly isn’t the only thing growing lately,” Grace teased.

“Definitely not,” I put an arm around her, starting the car.

…

We pulled up to Grace’s house at about 10:00, after going to the park for a while. I had spent several minutes massaging her tender stomach while there, trying to ease her bellyache. She said she stuffed herself to her limit at dinner, and she kept thinking about how much she was going to grow from it. Her parents looked to be asleep, as all of the lights in the house were off. Grace and I were laughing hysterically, sharing jokes and stories.

“Well, here we are,” I said, disappointed. I didn’t want the night to end.

“I had a great time tonight, David.”

“Me too,” I said, reverting to my old nervous self. I stared at the ground.

“I mean it. I wish this night could last forever.” I looked up; Grace was staring straight at me, her deep brown eyes swimming with emotion. Without thinking, I slowly leaned over as she did the same, and we kissed. I put my arms around her in an embrace, and she followed suit. For several minutes we kissed, content to explore each other’s mouths as our hands explored each other’s bodies. I was reminded of the blissful seconds in the restaurant earlier in the evening, but I couldn’t figure out why. Suddenly, it hit me. I pulled away.

“What’s wrong?”

“Your lips; they still taste like the ice cream from dinner.”

“So?”

“So that was 3 hours ago.”

“Why are you complaining? My lips always taste like ice cream; it’s my lip gloss, remember? You never complained before…”

Oh my god. It was just like when she grew. Nobody thought it out of the ordinary. Before I could think it through, though, Grace pulled me back in, and any thought was lost into a meld of emotions.

*She’s so damn sexy… How did I get to go out with a girl like this?* I thought to myself as I rubbed her stomach, inciting moans of pleasure and relief. She begged me to keep massaging her bloated stomach, and I happily obliged. She thought out loud about how much she was going to grow.

“Mmm… I’m going to get sooo much bigger, baby. Gonna get bigger all over for you…” She whispered in my ear between kisses and moans. “I’m going to get taller, sexier, *bustier*; would you like that, hun?”

“Yes,” I whispered, my boner straining against my pants. Grace must have noticed; she looked down, gasped slightly, and smiled.

“Oh, so you like when I talk like this, hmm? Well, don’t worry baby; I don’t think this growth spurt is going to end any time soon. In fact, I think I’m going to be the sexiest girl in the school. In the city. Or would you like me to be the sexiest girl in the country? Would that make you happy, baby? How about if I was huge? How’d you like to have a six-foot-six girlfriend, one who was so big you barely came up to her tits? That way, you could stare at them all you wanted. I know how much you love these,” Grace said, shaking her voluminous bust in its tight casing. I watched her milky cleavage sway back and forth in awe. “Do you want them bigger, too? Ooh, you’re so hard…” Grace put a hand on my boner, pushing outwards against my jeans.

“Grace, you have no idea how much I want this to happen right now, but we really shouldn’t…” The words came out of my mouth, but my mind said, *Damn, if her tits were any bigger I don’t think I could control myself. Still, if only…* As I imagined Grace with even more massive breasts, a light reflected in her eyes, lighting up the car. *It was probably just a passing car…* I thought to myself, looking out on the street. There were no other cars on the street.

*Then that means…!* I didn’t have time to finish the thought as I heard a faint stretching sound. I turned back to Grace and, not noticing anything abnormal, began to massage her stomach again, ignoring the strange sound. She continued to moan and tease me. Slowly, one of my hands worked its way up Grace’s stomach, to the underside of her massive breasts. They were far heavier than I expected, even at the size Grace was. As my hand slowly began to knead the mounds of breast flesh through the shirt, Grace began teasing more fervently. When at last I reached her nipple, I squeezed it lightly, and then hefted her breast again. It felt noticeably heavier than when I lifted it the first time.

“Ooh, baby, just keep going. It feels so good…” Grace urged me on as I looked down at the valley of cleavage her breasts created.

Where before her shirt had been somewhat tight, it was now stretched to the absolute limits, her breasts literally cramming themselves into every fold and wrinkle in the top. They had run out of room within the shirt, so they now bulged upwards out of the tight tube top, pushing the miles of creamy white cleavage ever closer to my face. The amazement on my face must’ve shown, as Grace smiled wickedly as I looked back up.

“They’re so big, and getting bigger every day. Soon I’ll even outgrow the custom bras I had made. I’ll have to walk around braless all day; my big titties swinging about. I’d bet you could see my nipples through the shirt, baby. And I’ve heard that if I don’t wear a bra, my boobs will grow even more. Would you like that?” Grace said, pushing her arms together. She created an inconceivable amount of cleavage in the top as I heard it stretch even further. *D-Did Grace cause this somehow? Does her wanting to be bigger actually make her bigger?*

Before I could get a clear answer, a light clicked on in the house, and a pair of silhouettes appeared at the window. I saw the shadows make their way downstairs and cursed my luck. I pushed myself away from Grace.

“Looks like your parents are up,” I said, gesturing toward the open door. Grace pouted, then grinned evilly.

“We can continue this some other time,” Grace kissed me on the cheek. I could feel her breasts pushing forcibly into me as she did so. *Definitely bigger than before,* I thought as she opened the car door and skipped toward the house, her breasts visible even from behind in her tight tube top. One of the silhouettes opened the door for Grace and she stepped inside, turning to wink at me before disappearing into the light. It was then that I noticed that she stood head and shoulders above the taller shadow, her breasts bigger as its head. *She’s so massive… Why does she want to be bigger?* I pulled away into the night, pondering.

…

I pulled into my driveway at about 11:00, still sporting a massive boner. As I dashed into my bedroom, locking the door behind me, I emptied the contents of my pockets onto my desk. I dropped my phone and it lit up. I saw I had a new message. I picked up my phone.

From Grace:

Maybe I should stop wearing such tight clothes. ;)

Grace sent a video with the text. In it, she was wearing the outfit she’d worn for our date, her body illuminated by the camera light. She was smiling as she tugged at the top of her tube top, trying to loosen it up, only to have the seams fray when she pulled. Suddenly, there was a terrible rending sound, and Grace’s bountiful bosom burst forth from its prison, bouncing every which way. I almost looked away, but couldn’t. She gasped, but made no effort to cover herself, only shrugging and pushing her massive mounds together. She smiled innocently as she did.

I paused the video and threw my phone on the bed. I leapt after it, picked up the phone and texted Grace back.

That’s the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen.

Almost immediately I got a response:

What about the one I sent you last week?

I paused for a second, confused. Then I remembered; when Grace’s body changes, so does everything else. If I started dating her when she had EE cups, we must’ve been dating for a while. I looked back through my messages and saw conversations I never recalled having, all of them involving Grace and her blossoming body. I saw the picture Grace had sent me earlier that day; it was dated as two months ago. As I looked through more recent messages, I found a video sent last Friday. I clicked on it.

In the video, Grace was wearing the blue long-sleeve T-shirt she’d worn when I’d first seen her yesterday. However, it barely fit her frame now, her breasts filling up all the space the rest of her body couldn’t. She teased for several minutes: pulling the neck of the shirt down, the hem of the shirt up, turning around and showing off her strained thong. Finally, though, she pulled her shoulders back, making her bust look even more impressive. Her nipples strained against the fabric, poking holes in the shirt as Grace struggled, though for what I couldn’t tell. She turned red-faced as she pulled her shoulders back even further. Just as I realized what she was doing, the too-small shirt ripped down the center, Grace’s breasts flying out of their casing and forming into two huge, firm balls of flesh sitting high on her chest. Still wearing the ripped garment, Grace put the camera on a table, turned, and bent over, showing off her wide hips and curvaceous ass. Smiling, she bent over as far as she could. Her panties snapped, leaving red marks on her fleshy cheeks. Before I thought about looking, Grace covered her privates, reaching for the camera.

That was also the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen.

Do you think you could pick your favorite out of all of them?

ALL of them!? I checked my messages once again, and saw perhaps 20 videos. *This girl is going to give me a heart attack,* I thought to myself as I clicked on the earliest one. Each video was different: some were like the two I’d just watched, others were just her teasing me, still others involved her talking about how big she wanted to get. All brought me to the edge of orgasm while barely touching my dick.

Not a chance. Do you really want to get bigger, though? You’re already pretty huge.

All of the videos made me wonder if Grace actually wanted to be bigger. She seemed to be teasing me about it more and more, but I wasn’t sure if she was playing with me or if she was serious about it. It was several minutes before I got a response.

I thought you might say that. Let me video chat you.

I went to an app and clicked on Grace’s contact. Grace was sitting on her bed in her underwear, holding her phone above her head. She had a serious face on. I realized I had my underwear halfway down my legs, and quickly reached offscreen and pulled them up.

“What’s up?”

“You said you wanted to know if I really wanted to be bigger. What can I do to prove it to you?”

“I- I really don’t know. Why do you want to be bigger?”

“Who wouldn’t want to be bigger in my situation? I’m already a freakishly tall, not to mention the other perks,” Grace’s hand reached down and shook her breast in its confines. “Why not be bigger?”

“There’s got to be another reason. Come on, out with it.”

Grace bit her lip and looked away from the camera, suddenly reluctant to talk. “I… I love the looks guys give me when they see me walking through the hallways: the way they stare at my boobs, my ass. I love the attention. I want more of it. I want to be so big and sexy that no guy can ever resist looking at me and cumming instantly, and this growth spurt is letting me do it.”

“Grace, I know that you want to be bigger and sexier. But there’s a point where people will stop looking at you with lust and start looking at you in fear or disgust, or like an animal in a zoo. I don’t want you to be looked at like a freak, baby, and you’re getting close to that.”

“Well, I guess it would be nice to still fit in your car comfortably. I think I’d be fine staying at this height, as long as you’re alright with it. Still, it doesn’t mean I can’t dream big, right?” Grace laid her phone down beside her, looking down her long, curvy body. Grace’s legs hung a good 4 inches over the edge of the bed while her head pushed against the headboard. The bed creaked under her weight as she repositioned herself. “How cool would it be if I got so big that I broke the bed?”

[Images flooded my mind of Grace’s body expanding in all directions.](#DreamSeq3)

As I drifted back from my fantasies, I noticed something was different; Grace had shifted closer to her camera, but I hadn’t heard her bed creaking or her moving.

“Think about it; my boobs as big as bean bag chairs, my ass so wide I couldn’t fit through a door. Mmm, so huge…”

I found it more and more difficult to look at Grace’s face; her breasts were covering her mouth and chin. They wobbled in their bra, straining against their fabric prison. Grace’s hand moved down to her panties, also strained. The bed creaked loudly, threatening to snap at the slightest movement. As her hand began to slip down into her panties, I called out, turned on but uncomfortable with the situation. I began to wonder if she’d forgotten about me.

“Uh, Grace? Baby?”

The only response I got was a gasp as Grace pushed her fingers down her panties and the creak of the bed as she arched her back, pushing her massive mounds even further into the air. Suddenly, Grace’s bra snapped off of her chest; there was a pinging sound as the clasp hit the wall, the fabric flying into the air and across the room.

“Oh my god, Grace!? I think you’re growing!!!” I was almost shouting despite the late hour, desperately trying to get Grace’s attention.

“Ooh, yeah honey… I’m getting so huge, aren’t I? Would you like that? Would you want me to get bigger?” She thought we were still imagining it. This time, I was almost sure of it. Grace’s body took up the entire phone screen, and was still growing. Seconds later, her panties shredded to bits; I tried to look away as she pleasured herself, looking down at her legs.

Her legs were hanging off of the bed from mid-thigh.

“Holy fuck,” I thought, powerless to stop the situation. Grace shifted again, arced her entire body. Suddenly, she bucked. The entire bed collapsed, slamming into the ground with a resounding thud. Grace’s phone fell backwards, in between the wall and the bed. The screen went black, but I could still hear her moaning and bucking.

I couldn’t talk. I couldn’t move. I couldn’t comprehend what had just happened. I found myself just listening to the sounds, Grace’s moans rising to a crescendo. A scream of lust followed, then silence.

“Grace?” After several seconds more of silence, I exited the video chat. I was tempted to drive over to her house and make sure what I had just seen was real, but thought better of it. Instead I tried to figure out what had happened.

Grace had grown. She’d grown absolutely massive, probably twice the size of the average human. There was no explanation for that. I recalled what had happened before she’d grown.

*But all we did was-* The idea hit me like a freight train. It would’ve explained so much. But I had no proof that that was the cause of it all. I’d have to experiment a bit, perhaps tomorrow.

I looked down at the massive tent in my underwear, and smiled a bit. *Tonight, however…*

…

I woke up promptly at 9:00 a.m., and began to formulate a plan in my head. As I ate my breakfast, I went over it again and again, looking for any holes. After a final run-through while getting dressed for the day, I found myself satisfied and texted Grace.

Hey Grace.

It was several minutes before I got a response. I became worried that I would have to rethink my plan. However, Grace texted me back after a half-hour, and any seeds of doubt vanished.

Hey sexy. How’d you like the show last night?

Wish I could watch it again. Did you grow any last night?

From my point of view, the question seemed ridiculously silly. Grace had grown several feet in height last night, and who-knows how many cup sizes. However, Grace responded as if nothing had happened.

Another eighth of an inch: I’m now officially 7-foot-11.

“Holy fuck,” I mumbled under my breath. My hands started to shake as I typed out a reply.

Damn, you’re huge!

What else is new?

True. How’d you like to hang out at the park today?

Sure! I’ll have to find something that’ll fit me, though. ;)

Take your time. How’s 3:00 sound?

See you then.

“Perfect,” I said, the first step of my plan falling into place. I sat up from the bed, smiling as I reached for my backpack, emptying its contents onto my bed. I stepped towards my closet and fumbled around for several minutes, eventually finding a second backpack. I ensured both were empty, and ambled into the kitchen, one of the empty packs thrown across my shoulder. For over an hour I stayed there, packing all sorts of food: sandwiches, juices, sodas, and various snack bags among other things. You would’ve thought I was packing for an outing for a family of six.

The food all packed, I glanced at the clock. “12:00,” I read, walking back into my room and gently laying the pack on the bed. I looked at it for a moment: it was close to overflowing, every pocket jammed full of some food or beverage. I reached for the second pack and began rooting through my school supplies, grabbing a notebook, several pens, and a ruler. I took a long, hard look at the ruler; it seemed inadequate for the job I would need it. I sprinted into my dad’s workshop and grabbed a tape measure, then blazed to the other side of the house, finding my grandmother’s knitting basket.

“Sorry, grandma,” I whispered to no one in particular as I grabbed a suitable spool of white yarn. I dashed back into my room and threw the two items into my bag. The bag still looked rather empty as I thought about what else I might need. I continued to search the house for any supplies, and finally felt satisfied around 2:00. Then I sat and waited.

After a grueling half hour, I dashed out of the door to my car, grabbing a blanket on the way. *I hope today turns out well. Otherwise, who knows how big she might get…*

…

I meandered into the park about 2:45, and immediately set about finding a suitable spot. For several minutes I wandered the park, looking for a section where no kids roamed, no benches were near. I even tried to avoid birds for a while, until that proved futile; they smelled the food, and wouldn’t leave me alone. Eventually I found a quiet section of the park, surrounded on all sides by hills, protected from the walkways. In the center was an oak tree, giving shade to all near it.

“Perfect,” I said aloud, smiling. I set the two backpacks down, unfolded the blanket, and set up all of the food. When I finished, I stepped back to admire my handiwork.

*I probably could’ve packed more food,* I thought, half-jokingly. The blanket was absolutely covered in food and drinks. I looked at my watch: 3:05.

“Shit!” I sprinted out of the little grove and up to the top of the hill, scanning the park for Grace. Needless to say, it didn’t take long to find her.

All I had to do was follow the stares; old men’s eyes bulged out of their head as she passed, and young kids made obvious remarks. Teenage boys goggled her body and jostled each other, making innuendos and rude remarks. Girls glared at her with eyes of envy or disgust, and some stared with obvious lust. Married men tried to keep their wives from noticing they were staring, but the wives themselves were too busy staring at Grace out of amazement. Half the eyes in the park were focused on her, and she was loving every minute of it. She smiled as she searched the park, looking down at everyone around her. She stood as tall as a nearby tree, and even the pigeons and songbirds seemed to stare at her as she passed.

Of course, the clothing she was wearing didn’t help the situation: a tight white tank top that had once fit her snugly covered her top half; it looked more like a bra that was 3 sizes too small or a very short belly shirt. The majority of her torso and stomach was exposed to the open air, the flawless pale flesh seeming to glow in the sunlight. A pair of cargo shorts barely covered her expansive ass, looking more like a pair of daisy dukes than proper pants.

Maybe it was her height, or maybe I stood somewhere really obvious, but it took all of fifteen seconds for Grace to spot me once I crested the hill. She immediately grinned and waved, then broke off into a run straight towards me. I stood, paralyzed, as I saw her get closer. She got bigger and bigger as she ran towards me, as if she was growing while she was running. When she got within 20 feet of me, I could feel the ground rumble slightly with each of her heavy steps. She only took three strides to reach me after that. As she slowed, I began to grasp just how tall she was: When I stood straight forward, I was looking at her flat stomach and the bottom of her giant breasts.

“Hey, David!” Grace boomed, leaning down to hug me.

“H-Hey, Grace,” I mumbled, trying to regain some semblance of thought. If I’d had any left, it was gone when Grace reached around me, her hands covering the entirety of my back. She picked me up off the ground as if I were a child and wrapped her arms around me, her strength crushing me slightly. Her breasts flowed all around me as I heard her shirt stretch slightly, already overflowing with flesh. I gasped for air just as she kissed me, her lips still tasting like the ice cream from the night before. I melted into the embrace, all plans gone from my head for the moment. When she finally put me down, I looked up at her face, shining in the light. She smiled, her perfect white teeth making the rest of her face glow all the brighter, as her deep brown eyes looked at me endearingly.

“Still scared of me, huh little man?” *Since when was I called little man?* I thought to myself, smiling stupidly. “Well, don’t be.”

“Are those the biggest clothes you could find?”

“Yeah,” Grace said, tugging at the neckline of her shirt. “I mean, it’s not exactly cheap to get tailor-made clothes for a girl my size.”

“True. That might be your birthday present, then.”

“That’d be awesome, actually. It took me more than a few minutes to squeeze into these…” Grace turned around and displayed her ass, putting her hands on it. It was inches from touching my chest. Suddenly, I remembered that we had an audience. I looked out into the park, and saw perhaps 20 people still watching us. Then I remembered that Grace was wearing a low-cut shirt, and saw a few boys staring directly at Grace’s chest. I wondered who was getting the better view. I blushed.

“I have a little surprise for you,” I said, eager to hide my humongous girlfriend from prying eyes. Grace turned back around and was beaming, a smile from ear to ear.

“Aww, you shouldn’t have! What is it?”

“Just follow me,” I said, pulling her down over the hill. She skipped after me, trying to keep from overtaking me. I looked at her shadow on the ground; it stretched far beyond mine. I followed its length to her head, and beyond. It was then that I saw the picnic.

The sun was high in the western sky, shining down on the classic red-and-white blanket which so perfectly contrasted the vibrant green of the sunlit grass. The blanket was covered in seemingly hundreds of different snack foods and sandwiches laid out on paper plates. To the side sat six-packs of soda cans and bottles of juice, laid out in the shade. The colors all seemed to blend perfectly, creating a beautiful scene.

“Oh, a picnic! You shouldn’t have, David!” Grace sprinted over to the food, ground shaking, leaving me in her dust. I smiled; I knew she’d be happy. By the time I’d made it to the blanket, Grace was already stuffing her face with potato chips, almost finished her first bag.

“Well, I just figured I’d do something special after dinner didn’t turn out so well.”

“What are you talking about? Dinner went great last night! But I still appreciate the effort. And the food.” Grace chugged a can of soda, her stomach already starting to distend a bit. I sat down in the sun and ate with my giant girlfriend, smiling and sharing small talk. I found myself going over my plan in my head, making sure everything would go just right. We joked around for a while, until the snap on Grace’s pants popped open.

“I think you’ve had enough for a while,” I said, chuckling.

“Aww, come on! It’s not like I’m going to be any worse for wear.” Grace stood up and stretched. I had to crane my neck upwards to see her face. Even so, most of it was covered by her breasts. She leaned over to pick up a bag of chips, and in doing so exposed me to miles of milky white cleavage. I couldn’t look away. Grace saw what I was doing and smiled, swaying her tits back and forth in the crowded confines of her shirt.

“Enjoying the show?”

*Yeah, but it’s about to get even better,* I thought to myself.

“Do you mind if I take some measurements, actually? I really do want to get you a couple new outfits for your birthday.”

“I guess that’d be fine. But what are you going to measure me with?”

I stood up and walked into the shade of the tree, picking up the second backpack. I opened it and pulled out the supplies I brought, laying them out carefully. “Always come prepared.”

“You planned on doing this all along, didn’t you?”

“Yep. Now are you going to let me measure you or not?”

Grace sauntered over, finishing off the bag of potato chips. She threw the empty bag back onto the blanket and stood up straight. It was then that I realized I’d forgotten to pack one essential tool: a step stool.

“Could you hold this end, Grace?”

Grace giggled. “Sure,” She grabbed the tape measure from my hand and drew it up to her head as I pulled it down to her feet. The tape measure read 7-foot-11, just as she had said earlier. I said the measurement aloud, and Grace let her end go, the tape sliding back down. I reached for the notebook and wrote down the number. Next, I decided to do the hips. As I pulled the string around Grace’s hips, I couldn’t help but notice how amazing her ass looked: toned and firm, big, but not enormous on her frame. It was perfect. I marked the measurement with my thumb and transferred it to the tape measure.

“53 inches,” I read aloud, not quite believing it. I double checked to be sure.

“I’m a big girl, aren’t I?” Grace said, noting my expression.

“Definitely,” I said, smiling up at her. She smiled back as I wrote down the measurement. And so I moved to the part that I’d been secretly awaiting… and dreading.

“Alright, the chest,” I said, holding out the string once again. “Do you want to do this one?”

“I’m comfortable with you doing it. After all, it’s not like we don’t talk about these a lot,” She pointed at her breasts. I shrugged.

“Mind holding them up for a sec?”

“Sure, hun.” Grace pushed her breasts up and away from her chest, and I rolled the string up to the undersides of her chest.

“45 inches,” I mumbled, writing it down. Grace let her heaving breasts fall with an audible slap against her chest. I looked up, surprised. “You’re not wearing a bra, are you?”

“Nope!” Grace patted one of her breasts. “I haven’t been able to fit in a bra for a few months. Not since my last one snapped on me.” I swallowed dryly and pulled the string around her voluminous bust.

“54 inches.” I said. I was stunned. *That means she’s an-*

“I-cup! Wow, I really am getting huge. Do they even make that size?”

“I- I’m not sure,” I stammered quietly. I marked down the measurement. “Well, one thing’s for sure: I’m definitely going to a tailor after this.” Grace giggled.

“Aren’t you going to measure my waist?”

“Maybe we should’ve done that before you started stuffing yourself silly.”

“Oh, come on! I haven’t eaten that much yet.”

“Yeah, only about half the food.” Grace punched me in the shoulder, laughing. I decided to start my plan. *If only her stomach was flat again,* I thought. Grace’s eyes flashed with light, making the shaded area seem less so. *Here we go.*

I looked at Grace’s stomach, filled with copious amounts of food. Suddenly, it gurgled and shifted. Within seconds, her stomach deflated into nothing, just as it was when she’d first walked into the park. I smiled to myself.

“How much do you weigh now?”

“You know, it’s not polite to ask a woman about her weight,” Grace said, teasing. “but I weigh about 220 pounds.”

“You carry it so well, though.”

“Thanks! I mean, it isn’t hard to see where it’s going, though.”

“On second thought, let’s measure your waist. It doesn’t look as big as I thought it was.” *Let’s surprise her a bit; Grace is a little bit pudgy.* As soon as I thought it, Grace’s body seemed to react. Her eyes flashed again; her stomach gurgled, and her perfectly body became a little bit pudgy. Her stomach pooched out over her waistband, and her face got just a bit chubbier. She didn’t notice.

“About 46 inches,” I wrote down the measurement.

“Sounds about right; I have been eating a lot lately. Well, a lot for me, anyway.” Grace slapped her stomach contentedly, and it jiggled in response. I was confused for a few seconds, until I remembered. *Of course she won’t notice, stupid.* I immediately changed her back, watching the fat melt away. Then I looked back down at the notebook. The measurement had changed with it. *Amazing!* *Now I won’t have to write stuff down again.*

I happily set down the pencil and measuring tape. *Grace is nine feet tall.* I watched with excitement as Grace’s eyes flashed, and she quickly inched upwards. Her head began to push above the lower branches of the tree as the shirt she was wearing became less and less adequate to hide her burgeoning body. I felt myself start to get a boner as Grace’s shorts ripped in half, her body still growing. When the growth tapered off, I looked at the notebook again: While her height had changed to 9 feet, the rest of her body kept proportion rather nicely. Grace’s shirt strained as she pushed her breasts together with her arms, creating a canyon of cleavage that could probably hold me in it.

“So how do you feel about being so huge?”

“I thought we already answered that question last night. That is, unless you’re looking for another show.” She winked at me.

“Well, I wouldn’t mind,” I said, relaxing a bit. *I’m in complete control over her,* I realized. *I can make her do whatever I want.*

Grace’s expression went blank. Her eyes stared straight forward, her body suddenly stiff. She didn’t say a word; did nothing at all.

“Grace? Grace!” I shouted up at her. No response. *Oh, shit. What did I do?*

“You wanted to have complete control over me, David.” I jumped, Grace’s voice startling me. It was completely flat and emotionless. Her eyes still stared straight ahead.

*Holy crap, I didn’t know I had this kind of control over her.* I made a quick mental note to be more careful with what I thought. *Grace has free will again.* Within five seconds, Grace was back to her sexy, flirtatious self, posing in a pair of thinly stretched panties and her T-shirt. She sat down next to me. It was then that I noticed that she was just as tall sitting down as I was standing up. *Maybe she is too big. But, the situation is so easily remedied…*

…

Grace and I walked side-by-side down my driveway. My parents were gone until Tuesday; *plenty of time to try out a few things,* I thought to myself, giddy with anticipation. I down at Grace.

I had to admit, it was different seeing Grace at a normal height again; I’d rather gotten used to her towering over me in the last few days. Now, however, Grace once again sat at her original height of 5’2”. She was still rather pretty; her face hadn’t changed much, and while her body wasn’t impossibly curvy anymore, it was good enough for me. She skipped along beside me, holding my hand and talking about what it was like to be short.

“So what would you do if you got really tall? You know, tried the other end of the spectrum?”

Grace looked up at me, pondering the idea. “I don’t know if I’d like it; I’d be a bit freakish. I’d certainly get a lot more attention, though,” Grace trailed off into deep thought as we approached my door.

“Yeah, I guess that makes sense. Don’t want to stick out from the crowd too much,” I opened the door and held it for Grace, entering behind her. “What would be your perfect body, then?”

“What, am I not sexy enough for you?” Grace pouted, feigning frustration. She broke into a smile. “I’m only teasing, David. Hmm… I don’t know what I would change…” She flopped onto the couch.

“Oh, come on! There’s got to be something you’d want to change. Don’t you hate being so short?” I sat down beside her.

“Yeah, I guess…”

“And what about your face? Your hair? How about your body? There’s *nothing* you would change if you had the chance?”

“No, that’s not it; it’s just that…” Grace’s expression became serious. “I’ve never told anyone this before; you promise not to tell?”

“I swear it.” I said, trying not to break into a smile. I rather liked this Grace; she was more shy, nowhere near as “easy” as my giant girlfriend was.

“Okay… I’ve always wondered what it would be like to have huge boobs. Not DD boobs; even more than that. Boobs the size of basketballs, of beanbag chairs. I guess being taller would be nice, too, though.”

“Damn.”

“What?”

“I’m just trying to imagine you laying on your own boobs.” I said, smiling. Grace threw a throw pillow at me.

“You’re awful!” We both broke out laughing. We talked for several more minutes before we fell into a silence. I stared into Grace’s eyes. “What is it?”

“I’d forgotten how beautiful your eyes are.”

Grace looked away and blushed. “Oh, you’re just saying that.”

“No, I mean it. You’re really beautiful.”

“Stop it! You’re making me blush.”

“What? I’m just saying it because it’s true.” I smiled. Grace looked up at me and smiled back. “Grace, I think I… I-“ She pulled me into a deep kiss before I could finish. We embraced each other tightly as our lips met, eyes closed. We enjoyed the moment for as long as we could before breaking off.

“I know.” Grace smiled.

“So how much do you want those huge boobs?” I said, abruptly changing the topic. Grace seemed confused for a second.

“A lot, I guess. Why?”

I stole a glance at her modest chest; B-cup breasts formed a small curve outward from her chest. “What would you say if I could help you get them?”

“What? How!? You’re not thinking implants, are you?” Grace peeked at her meager assets, a glint of excitement in her eyes… and perhaps a glint of lust?

“No, nothing like that. I… well, it’s easier to have a demonstration.”

*Grace will notice all the changes to her body.* I saw Grace’s eyes flash with light as she looked up at me.

“Well? Where’s this demonstration?”

“Give me a sec, I need to think this through. What do you want me to change about you?”

“You change me? Well, if you could…” Grace gave a split-second’s thought to the question before answering. ”Make me taller.”

“Stand up.” I did the same. Grace’s nose came up to my collar bone. *Grace is 6 inches taller,* I thought. Grace’s eyes flashed again, and she slowly began to inch her way upwards. She didn’t notice at first, and I became worried that she wouldn’t be able to notice. Just as she opened her mouth to say something, though, her nose came of a height with my chin. Grace gasped, unable to speak. Her expression said volumes, though; excitement and amazement poured from her face. When finally her growth came to a halt, both of us were grinning madly.

I admired my handiwork as Grace did the same. The clothes that fit her rather well before now hugged her body tightly; her khakis rode up to above her knees and pinched her waist in, and her shirt left her navel exposed. I also noticed an imperceptible increase in her curves. *I guess I have trouble controlling myself sometimes.*

“Oh my god! How did you do that!?!?” Grace leapt into me, laughing.

“Maybe I’ll explain later. It’s a long story,” I smiled.

“Well, I guess it doesn’t matter. So, can you make these bigger too?” Grace thrust her chest out, eagerly anticipating further growth.

“How big do you want them?”

“Huge. Massive. I want them to be so big I can’t move.”

That was all the encouragement I needed. I’d thought this one out in advance, though. *Grace’s breasts will not give her back problems. They will grow slowly to the size of bean bag chairs.*

And so, with another flash of light, Grace’s fantasy started to become reality. Her face lit up as her breasts swelled within her top, the V-neck she was wearing oozing cleavage as she reached DD-cup size. Milky-white flesh pushed its way up and out of the shirt. Grace’s face turned to one of barely-suppressed lust as her nipples grew hard, her hands rubbing the twin globes of flesh now jutting from her chest. They looked incredibly firm, resisting gravity even as Grace began to feel their pull.

“They don’t feel as heavy as I expected them…” Grace noted.

“That’s my doing. You’re welcome.” I smiled at her. Grace smiled back before going back to her massive mammaries, now pushing into the I-cup range. *That’s where she was before, and she was 8 feet tall then…* I watched as Grace’s breasts exceeded any reasonably measurable size and heard the seams of her shirt begin to give way. I anticipated the inevitable as Grace continued to feel up her growing assets.

Within a few seconds, Grace’s shirt exploded at the seams, falling off of her body. Her breasts fell to her hips, huge and conical, hanging a good foot out from her body. The sound scared her, and she stopped dead in her tracks for a few seconds. Then she realized what happened and laughed out loud.

“That was amazing! I didn’t even know that boobs could get this big!” Grace smiled, trying to reach around the twin masses to feel her now-gigantic nipples.

“They’re still growing,” I said, smiling.

“Really? Mmm…” Grace lost herself in lust once again, as I stood there staring. It was absolutely amazing. Suddenly, Grace looked up at me. “Are you going to help out with these?”

“Maybe in a bit. You enjoy them for a while.”

“Okay, hun,” Grace had lain down on top of her now massive breasts, each as big as a bean-bag chair. “You can change me back, right?”

“Yeah, definitely.”

“Good,” Grace smiled contentedly, rubbing her new tits, which had finally stopped growing. “Oh, how silly of me! I told you about my fantasy, but I never asked you about yours!”

“Don’t worry about me, Grace,” I walked over and sat on one of Grace’s breasts, soft and firm. I played with her nipple, the width of a ruler. She moaned in response. I smiled knowingly before kissing Grace once more. Her pants shredded as her ass grew to enormous proportions. Grace didn’t notice at all, but I had a surprised look on my face.

*But what…?* Suddenly, it hit me. My subconscious did this. Even when I didn’t know I could do this, my subconscious knew it. My subconscious made Grace grow. *I made her grow from 5’2” to 5’8”. I made her breasts grow enormous at lunch. I made her grow over the video chat.* *I wanted it…*

“I wanted it,” I whispered to myself.

“Wanted what?”

I looked at Grace’s face. It looked no different than it had Friday, and no less perfect. The only difference was now I could give her a body to match her face. I smiled at her.

“Nothing,” I said, and dove into the twin pleasure pillows, groping and squeezing the soft flesh. Grace moaned in response, and didn’t notice that she was slowly inching taller…

THE END

Dream Sequences

These are parts of the story where the main character begins to have daydreams. They are best read in context, and I’d suggest reading through the story until you get to the hyperlink that contains them.

# Dream Sequence 1

Grace’s angelic smile turned into a devilish grin as she glanced down at her breasts.

“They’re pretty big, huh?”

“Y-Yeah. I hadn’t really noticed before now.”

“Really? How’d you not notice two big boobs hanging right under your nose? Don’t you think I know guys love them?” Grace reached up and squeezed one of her breasts through her bra. Suddenly she pressed herself into me. I was uncomfortably aware of her erect nipples poking at me through the fabric. “Don’t you love them? They’re so big and squishy.”

“T-They are pretty nice,” I said, glancing down at them.

“Go on, then; give them a good squeeze.”

“What, here?”

“Yeah, here! Come on, now; don’t be shy…” Grace pushed her arm up under her breasts, pushing them closer to my face. She looked me right in the eye as she did this, completely unashamed. I was hypnotized by her dark brown eyes, her innocent face smiling at me. Slowly I pushed my hand into the soft flesh. It gave way as I groped her through the fabric of the shirt. I couldn’t believe I was doing this, and in the middle of a school hallway.

“Ooh, that feels heavenly. Don’t stop,” Grace closed her eyes and moaned under her breath, swaying slightly. I raised my other hand and let it sink into Grace’s other breast. Her nipples became hard as diamonds.

“Mmm, that’s it. You know, I’ve always secretly wanted to be bigger…”

As Grace said this, I felt a stirring in her chest. A warmth, deep and almost uncomfortably hot, building in her tits. Grace seemed not to notice it, lost in the pleasure her breasts were bringing her. But I felt it. I felt her breasts warming up, as if a fire had been stoked within the twin orbs.

Then I felt a pressure push up against my hand.

I gasped as Grace’s breasts seemingly leapt toward my hands, as if they yearned to be massaged more. I continued to press my hands into their fleshy mass. I felt Grace’s nipple, and gently squeezed it.

“Yeah, keep doing that. It feels amazing…” As Grace said that, the pressure against my hands increased dramatically. I glanced down from Grace’s lust-filled face to her breasts, and nearly leapt back at what I saw.

Her breasts were getting bigger. Huge, even.

Her shirt, once tucked neatly into her pants, was now riding halfway up her stomach. I heard an audible snap; I assumed it was her bra. My hands were completely enveloped in the two giant, soft pillows of flesh now extending from Grace’s chest. She looked down at her massive mammaries, then regarded my shocked face.

“I’d bet you didn’t know I could do this, did you?”

Before I had a chance to respond, we both heard a ripping sound. Looking down at Grace’s shirt, I saw the seams were starting to tear. Suddenly, and with great force, Grace’s giant breasts tore the shirt in two, sending it flying down the hallway. Her bra had already snapped, and fell to the ground as soon as it was able.

There, standing half-naked in the hallway, was Grace. She smiled and rubbed her breasts, her arms almost not long enough to touch her nipples. She grinned at me again as I regarded her breasts, sloping down her torso nearly to her navel.

“Well? What do you think?”

[Back to the story](#Ret1)

# Dream Sequence 2

Grace giggled, then put a hand on my leg. “I see they’re having an effect on you,”

*Shit. Shit shit shit!* Grace saw that I had a boner. My face heated up, blushed a furious red. That just made her laugh out loud. “I- I just- You-“

“Don’t worry, hun! I’m not going to tell anyone about it. Although, I’ve always wanted to try something…” She put a hand directly on my dick, rock hard. She gripped it through the fabric of my pants. “Well now, someone’s a big boy.” She wasn’t wrong; I had a solid 7 and a 1/2 inch cock. “Why don’t I just help you with that?” I heard a faint pop, and a zipping sound. My cock popped out of my jeans and pushed its way out of my underwear.

“Grace, please d- don’t, not while I’m driving. I won’t be able to-!“ I broke off into a moan of pleasure as warm, wet lips wrapped around my cock. I nearly swerved into the other lane, keeping control of the car through sheer luck.

She kept her thumb and forefinger wrapped around the base of my penis as she sucked it, cupping my balls in her other hand. She worked my cock like an expert, swirling her tongue around the tip when she wasn’t fitting as much of it as she could into her mouth. She moaned loudly, urging me to cum in between taking mouthfuls of my dick. I began to wonder if she’d done this before. All the while, I barely maintained control of the car. Even through the pleasure, I was a nervous wreck; thoughts flowed through my head. *What if we get caught? What if I crash? What if Grace gets even bigger?*

By the time I pulled into the deserted back parking lot of the buffet and turned the car off, Grace had already made me cum 2 times, and was well on the way to a third. Suddenly, she stopped. I looked at her as she grinned evilly.

“I could make you cum any time I want, you know that?” She said, running her hand up and down my cock lightly. I shuddered. “Or, I could keep you from cumming. You’re completely under my power,” She stopped and pulled her hand away from me. “But I’m a nice girl, so I’ll help you out, just this once.” She pulled her tank top up and undid the clasp on her bra. Her DD-cup breasts swung free, perfectly firm and pale, capped by pink nipples as wide as my pinkie. I stared at them in awe, and reached for one. She smacked my hand away.

“No touching. Only I get to touch,” Grace said as she wrapped her tits around my cock. I gave a groan of pleasure as she moved them up and down, spitting onto my dick and rolling her tongue around the tip. She looked up at me, a hunger in her eyes. Suddenly, those same eyes flashed with light. *Oh shit.*

“You just can’t get enough of me, can you? You can’t resist me. You think I’m the sexiest thing in the world. And just think about it; if I keep growing, I’ll keep getting even sexier.” Grace kept ranting on about her growing and getting sexier as it happened before our very eyes. Her slender arms lengthened, her ass began to overflow the seat cushion. Her legs became so long that she had to bend them just so her knees wouldn’t hit the glove compartment. Her eyes seemed to get a few shades darker; her lips fuller. Her shoulders became more broad, her waist shrank. I couldn’t tell how much she grew height-wise because she was leaning over, but she became noticeably heavier.

But my god, her tits. I nearly had a heart attack when they began to grow. The pressure increased on my dick as more titflesh piled around it. Grace seemed to grin even more as she slid her new, bigger tits up and down my cock. And still they grew. They grew so big that they overflowed Grace’s hands, flesh pouring out over her sticky hands and in between her fingers. Her nipples grew to the size of bottle caps as her areolas grew proportionally. And still they grew. Her tits became giant balls of flesh, perfectly firm and round but still pliable in her hands. They grew so big that my dick was lost in their mass. They grew so big that they wouldn’t slap against my lap anymore; they would just sit in my lap. And still they grew. As they tapered off, their mass began to overflow my lap. I came within seconds as Grace looked up at me, her eyes full of sinful desire. I blacked out.

When I came to several seconds later, I saw Grace in all her newfound glory. She was sitting now, crammed into a car much too small for her. Her head hit the ceiling unless she hunched over severely. Her ass was so big it overflowed the seat. Her legs curled up in front of her, pushing her breasts up to her head. She was busy licking cum off of the twin globes, now easily as big as canteloupes. I began to grow hard again at the sight of it. Grace quickly caught sight of my hardening dick and smiled. Her pouty lips drew into a grin.

[Back to the Story](#Ret2)

# Dream Sequence 3

“Imagine it: my boobs big enough to cover a table, my ass so huge I couldn’t fit into a pair of jeans if I tried; I doubt any boy could stop looking at me. I’d be so sexy…”

Grace smiled in delight as she closed her eyes, thinking about it. She reveled in the stares of the teenage boys in her fantasies, all of them slaves to her growing body.

Little did she realize her dream was becoming real. Grace’s smooth, pale skin glowed in the artificial light of her bedroom as she squirmed in ecstasy, fantasizing wildly. More and more flesh poured into her body. Her huge frame, straining the bed before, now dwarfed it; her huge, round ass overflowed the sides of the bed. Her bra strained to contain her incredible bust, her areolae barely covered. Her nipples tented the already strained fabric.

“Ooh, I can feel it, baby; their eyes all over me, looking at my huge tits,” Grace created a valley of cleavage that could easily hide a man’s head. I wondered what it would feel like having her huge tits wrapped around my cock as her bra was pushed to the absolute limits. I could hear the clasp creaking as she ran her hands over the expanses of flesh. She played with her hard nipples underneath the fabric.

“Or my big, sexy ass,” She grabbed a handful of her growing ass, not realizing the flesh was overflowing the bed. The flesh quickly grew in between her fingers and around her hand, but she didn’t notice.

Suddenly, there was a loud pinging sound. I looked up to see that Grace’s bra was gone. Without its containment, her breasts began to wobble madly, their soft flesh molding easily in her hands. She groped herself with reckless abandon, as if she didn’t care who saw. Her dark brown areolae were as large as small plates; her nipples easily the size of her pinkies. *How big does that make them to me?* I mused, imagining what it would be like to suck on one of those breasts.

“Mmm, it’d be so amazing, David. And you’d be the only one allowed to touch them,” Grace said, smiling as her panties tore in two. She bit her lip and stretched, the bed creaking angrily beneath her. “Except for me, of course.”

She hefted her own breast and brought it to her lips, lightly sucking on her own nipple. She lightly fondled the other nub as she sucked, moaning with pleasure as she did so. I stared her naked body with lust and passion, wishing I could be there to ‘help’ her with the task. Her breasts continued to swell as she played with them, her nipples becoming bigger and bigger. Without warning, Grace let out a gasp, her breast making an audible pop as it flew out of her mouth. For half a second I was worried she hadn’t wanted me to see this. Then it became very apparent why she was so surprised.

She was leaking milk. And a lot of it.

Grace’s breasts continued to grow as we both stared in amazement at her amazing udders. She looked at her phone and smirked. She pulled the breast to her mouth, but didn’t put her nipple in. Milk spattered her face as she looked at me.

“You’re definitely helping out with this tomorrow.”

Grace went into a frenzy, managing to suck both her nipples at once. I watched the event with a fervor, noting every detail. Grace’s bed was completely buried under her massive body, creaking with her every movement. All of her pale, soft flesh was drenched with her own milk, shining in the artificial light. Her stomach was slightly bloated from drinking so much of her own milk. Her ass looked absolutely amazing; I couldn’t wait to see her in a pair of yoga pants.

But her breasts. They showed no sag, but seemed to almost melt at her touch, molding themselves to whatever shape she wanted. Each of the massive milk tanks looked as big as a globe, capped by erect nipples as wide across as my thumb. The areolae were dark and bumpy, as wide across as small plates. Grace crammed both of her nipples into her mouth, her innocent face alight with lust and pleasure. It seemed to scream “More!” and her breasts happily obliged. Suddenly, Grace stopped and looked at the phone again.

“I know it’s late, but do you think you could drive over here and help me out?”

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